A lack of colour

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1133132.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Freddie Lounds
Additional Tags:	Monsters, Will and Mental Issues, Depression, Loneliness, Insanity, Mental Institutions, Hannibal isn't really a human..something else, Cannibalism, Hannibal is a Cannibal, Eating Disorder Not Otherwise Specified
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-01-12 Completed: 2014-04-28 Words: 22,090 Chapters: 8/8

A lack of colour

by Raisedyoulikeaphoenix

Summary

Will Graham for ten years has been haunted by a monstrous creature a Windigo he's another patient at Wolves Trap hospital for the insane, when Will is assigned a new doctor, he sees how cruel his reality really is.

"Monsters aren't real, I'm sure whatever you've seen isn't *real*." Dr. Lecter seemed uneasily nervous, his dark eyes refocused on their breakfast.

"I saw you Hannibal- you aren't *human*, what are you?" Will huffed, his free hand sent their breakfast falling off the table.

Hannibal blinked several times then he began to laugh.

Notes

I couldn't focus on my other fic, so here's a better more somewhat realistic one. Xo

Lose your soul

"Damn it William Graham this isn't a game!" The nurse shouted at Will breaking his focus as he realised he was no longer writing on his only object he was allowed to keep, his *journal*. "Now look what you've done, you've scribbled all over the table." She shoved Will away, he didn't say anything it was better when he didn't. The nurse was already hard at work scrubbing his handwriting away.

"Your stories of *monsters* and fairy tales, no wonder you're in here...can't tell the difference between fact and reality." She grumbled beneath her breath watching her scrub the wooden table Will knew there wasn't much he could do.

Instead he left the room without an other word, he shuffled his plain blue slippers as he found his favourite chair in the recreation room not being filled by the hysterical Freddie Lounds, he quickly sat in it, looking past the barred windows he saw the outside world looked so peaceful and open, unlike his own world.

He was just another patient in Wolves Trap home for the insane, it was almost ten years since he had been assigned to live his days out here, after all no one believed that Will's theory of monstrous creatures were real, he had once been a leading professor at a state college now Will was stripped away of any of his remaining sanity credit.

Will clutched his journal tightly to his chest as he watched the birds pass freely, he closed his eyes picturing the monstrous creature that had ripped out his beloved friend Abigail Hobbs heart she had *died* in Will's arms, it had been human but it's eyes were so cold so dark, Will had happened upon the creature one day as he walked towards his car, he spotted Abigail but instead of her waving over at him she had a horrified look upon her face as a dark figure lifted her off her feet.

Before Will could rush to her aid the creature had simply dropped Abigail clutching her beating heart in its hand, Will would never forget the look upon it's face, it had sneered at Will before running away. Will knew he couldn't do much but as he dialled for help, another student spotted Will, covered in blood and everything went downhill from there.

Why hadn't the monster killed *him too*? Why had it stopped when it saw Will appoaching, it was possibly strong enough to handle Will as well, but it had ran off like a frightened child.

Since no one would believe in Will's claim of a *monster*, the case was turned into a plead of insanity, many believed the poor professor had suffered a breakdown, in his defeat he was sentenced to live out his days at a mental hospital, now he sat each day writing out the theories of monsters.

After awhile he used the library the hospital provided to see the books on monsters, he had learned great deals on Windigos who were once human but after eating so much human flesh or organs turned into strange monstrous looking creatures, each day he would write about his theories after all no one believed Will was truly sane.

Most of the doctors had come to know that Will had a large imaginary and tended to leave him alone with his journal as long as he took his medication and behaved.

Both of which he did, without protest. Will longed to feel the sunlight upon his skin again, he wasn't crazy he hadn't killed Abigail if only, if only he had been somewhere else he would still be free, not locked away like a animal.

"Mr. Graham, I said you have been assigned a new doctor." The blonde nurse told Will, she sighed as Will grabbed his journal. "The other doctors might not of cares but Will, this is-." She trailed off as She opened the office door.

"Dr. Lecter? This is William Graham, he's your new patient." The blonde greeted a older man who was holding onto a box filled with many objects.

"Ah thank you Judy, now if you will please?" He spoke, and to Will's ears his voice sounded foreign, Will looked up from his journal to see a man wearing a casual suit with a green necktie, his ash blonde hair was pulled away from his face, he seemed much taller than Will as took a step forward to greet Will.

"No problem Dr. Lecter." Judy left closing the door behind herself, the silence was deafening to Will's ears. He stood as if he was a deer in the headlights.

New doctor, his last doctor had retired and she had been a nice older lady to Will, treating him like he was a human not as a *insane* patient. Now Will knew nothing of this *Doctor Lecter*.

"Hello William Graham, come sit down." Dr. Lecter pointed to the set of orange comfortable looking chairs, the office was clearly going to be declared the new doctor's. "Don't worry I'm not going to *bite you*." He flashed a grin at Will exposing a perfect set of teeth.

What a strange remark. Will reassured himself it was just because the doctor was nervous he wasn't *actually going to eat Will*.

"I'm not worried about that, I just don't know you..." Will sat in one of the chairs, while Dr. Lecter sat down the box knocking over a lone object a photo frame of a little girl.

"Sorry about that, I'm equally as nervous as you are William." Dr. Lecter scoped the photo frame back into its box.

Will clutched his journal, "I prefer Will...no one calls me William unless I'm in trouble." His voice shook, he didn't have a clue who his new doctor was or even his first name, "what is your name?"

Dr. Lecter took the seat next to Will his dark eyes flashing, "my name is Hannibal Lecter, I just moved here from a study in Rome I attended for quite some time, after being offered a job here I took it quickly."

Will smiled a ghost of a smile, "you moved halfway across the world to *here* Wolf Trap Virginia? That seems *odd*." He looked around the nearly unpacked office.

"It offers good benefits and besides I missed Virginia dearly, it's been almost ten years since I was last here." Hannibal mused, he plucked a invisible thread off of his clothing.

Will raised his eyebrows, "ten years? *I've been* locked away for that long." Will sounded dull compared to Hannibal, who had lived in many places besides America.

"Yes, Will I believe why I was assigned to your case was for therapy sessions." Hannibal said folding his hands in his lap.

"Therapy? I already had therapy for five years, I don't-."

Hannibal sighed heavily, "Will if you ever wish to be free from this place..." Hannibal seemed to have trouble finding the right words, "and to be granted freedom you will show up here each morning and evening for threat sessions, if not you shall rot away in here without ever a chance again. This is a once in a lifetime offer." Hannibal said with his voice firm as he stared at Will.

"I can be free? What about.-"

Hannibal held his hand up, "Will no questions today, we start freshly in the morning and I only wanted to meet you ahead of time so you could adjust to change."

Will nodded not daring to look up to Hannibal's eyes. He felt if he looked up he would fall apart at his stare, he felt like he was being examined and under a microscopic slide. He watched in the corner of his eye at Hannibal who had shuffled what appeared to be Will's file.

"I've been told...you keep a journal on monsters, may I perhaps look at it sometime?" Hannibal said his voice almost too sweet to Will's ears, Will looked breaking his own rule to see that Hannibal didn't seem to be a threat, his smile was tight as he felt his eyes trail away when he thought Hannibal had caught him looking.

"Or not..don't worry Will soon we will be close friends." Hannibal rested his palm onto of Will's arm, alarmed as the doctor's skin was icy to the touch, Hannibal seemed to notice as he pulled his hand away like a quick reflex.

"Friends? I don't have friends. I'm not sociable, that's a hard goal to measure up with." Will laughed at his own joke, no one ever came to visit him, he had no family and now he was sure the doctor was just trying to climb into Will's head.

"I believe we can work on it." Hannibal smiled before standing up, "I believe that's all today I shall see you tomorrow morning bright and early."

Will grimaced as he stood up, "how early Hannibal?"

Hannibal rolled his eyes, "is ten am too early for you?"

Will managed to smile, "not at all Dr. Lecter, it was a pleasure to meet you." He meant each word secretly happy that he didn't get a old hag as his new doctor or a younger kid doctor, no instead he was very grateful.

"Have a nice evening Will." Hannibal showed Will out his office door, as soon as the door was closed shut, Will immediately went into his room skipping the sloppy dinner of biscuits and cheap burger, the last time Will had eaten real food it had been ages.

He sat for awhile on top of his sheets unsure what he could write, he was almost excited for once in his life. "Dr. Lecter." He said aloud to himself, thankful his roommate was away for dinner Will quickly slid beneath the covers and soon before the sun even sat he was asleep.

( ) ( )

"Are you gonna eat that orange slice?" A man with half his platter already devoured asked Will the next morning at breakfast.

Will was zoned out, he hadn't noticed the man had taken Will's muttering as a yes, Will wasn't hungry he was too busy and it was almost obvious he was prepared to attend Dr. Lecter's first therapy session.

"Will, eat your breakfast before someone fucking steals it all." A voice hissed in his ear, he looked up to see his only friend Freddie Lounds with her flaming red hair hanging in her face, she wore the typical uniform that was required by all patients to wear, she ripped a milk carton away from a beefy man tossing it back to Will. "I swear Will, if I wasn't around you would surely starve."

"Thanks Freddie, but I'm not hungry." Will said staring at the cartoon cow on the milk carton, "I have a therapy session with Dr. Lecter this morning."

Freddie's face became a mixture of concern and amusement, "I thought you've been done with therapy..why are you doing it now?" She said defended.

"Because." Will began in a smaller voice unable to find his own.

"Because *why?*"

"Dr. Lecter says if I go along with the sessions I have a great chance of...being released." He managed to spit out watching Freddie sigh heavily.

"Will, if you do this- you realise that you have to go all the way through with this..no giving up." She tapped a spoon against Will's forgotten milk, "and when you get out be sure to write." She smirked at Will.

"Shut up..it's only a small chance there isn't any real hope for the moment." He said joking, while he earned a playful snack from the plastic spoon.

"I mean it Will, you better do it."

Will groaned, "do what?"

"Go to the sessions you dumbo." She watched a orderly give her a soured look as she tapped Will. "When is your session anyway?"

Will shrugged his arms until he spotted a clock he had only half an hour until his first session.

"Plenty of time, it's not until ten."

Freddie nodded agreeing with Will, "are you going to show him that *book*? With all your crazy monster stories?" She snorted.

"No!" Will realised he had nearly shouted looking around the lunchroom no one seemed to notice his sudden outburst, it tended to happen often, after all it was a mental asylum.

"Jeez, forgive me for asking." She mocked, "can't blame you though, if you want a chance out I wouldn't show anyone that book too."

"Shut up."

Freddie rolled her eyes, "I hate you."

Will's mouth became a crooked smile, "I hate you more."

Freddie handed Will's soon back, "you don't hate me. Without me you would been thin as a twig."

Will had to agree with her there, he doesn't know what he would do without Freddie, after all she was like the older sister he had never wanted.

"Well William, I shall see you tonight you can spill me all the details later." She bent down to his ear and whispered "tell me if you two hook up."

Will's face became a bright red almost pink as the last word left her mouth. "Freddie...you can't.-" As he turned to see Freddie was already gone leaving the lunchroom behind.

Will sighed looking at the remained of his meal, with nothing looking too appealing he sighed sliding his trail over to the beefy looking man.

"Eh what?" The man seemed to be confused.

"You need it more than me." Will said with a smile, he turned on his heal and began his descent towards Hannibal's office.

"I can do this yes I can." He said reassuring himself, a chance at *freedom?* Will was ready and prepared to do anything.

He touched the doorknob of Dr. Lecter's office and he bit down on his lip opening the door.

Dr. Lecter was busy reading the daily newspaper and didn't to seem to notice Will entering the room, until the door was fully closed. "Ah Mr. Graham welcome!" He said looking up from his paper.

"Hello Dr. Lecter, I'm ready.." Will spotted the same squishy looking chair and sat in it, watching the older man observe him made Will very nervous for some unknown reason.

If I had a heart

"This is a safe environment Will, I ensure you the only reason I am recording this is for document reasons, so as a cautious warning I must inform you." Dr. Lecter shows Will the tape recorder and Will never had anyone tell him that he was being recorded, it usually ended up being used against him.

"That's fine, as long as I have permission to write about our sessions each time." Will says sourly, he feels his stomach growl and he hopes Hannibal doesn't notice that he had skipped breakfast.

Hannibal nods setting the tape recorder down on his desk, as Will looks around the office it's lit brightly unlike the rest of the hospital, reminding Will that Hannibal was attempting to brighten up the gloomiest of his life.

Will stood up, noticing the curtains were pulled back exposing the warm sunshine, he moves towards the window. The office windows didn't have bars on them, they were normal, if Will tried he could open the window. If he was correct it was April, spring was arriving and Will longed to feel the sun upon his skin again.

Holding his hand against the sun, his skin was a sickly pale. Lost in his thoughts he didn't notice Hannibal move behind him, until he felt a warm hand touching the small of his back, the touch was friendly and it had been so long since Will had been touched in a calm matter.

It brought tears to his eyes, "I miss the sun." He says feeling moisture fall down his face, "I can't remember the last time i breathed clean air."

"Perhaps we could have our session outside, since you're a well behaved patient I don't see why not." Hannibal says sounding helpful, Will sniffs as he turns to see a sad smile across the older man's face.

It bothered Will that his new doctor was taking pity on Will, he wanted to point out that he wasn't a sad soul, he wasn't.

"Aren't you worried I'll run away?" Will says challenging the man.

Hannibal backs away grabbing what appears to be a warm jacket, "if you could run away where would you go to?"

Will stammers, unsure if he should answer or not. Deciding he should give a answer instead of staring blankly at the doctor, "I wouldn't go back here that's for sure, I would go somewhere warm when the sun shined on my skin everyday, where no one knew me."

Hannibal buttons his jacket, "do you prefer being alone or have you forgotten what it is like to have friends?" He hands Will a extra jacket when Will stares at it unsure why, "put it on..just because the sun is out doesn't mean it's not *cold*." He instructs simply watching Will

put the jacket on, it's warm to Will and for once something he wears doesn't contain a odour of vomit or staleness.

"I like company, it's just no one wants to be around a *unstable mental patient.* I lost interest in people years ago, I only engage in conversation if I must." Will's voice is toneless, realising he was only answering Hannibal's questions so he could gain freedom.

"Come Will, let us enjoy the warmth of the spring sunshine." Hannibal links his arm with Will as they gain access to the outside world.

( ) ( )

The sun at first takes a few moments to grow used to, he can't stop looking up at the cloudless sky, there's a sight breeze in the air. Will is sitting at what he believed to be a bench outside of the hospital.

"It's beautiful isn't it? The world and it's nature." Hannibal sits next to Will, "we have twenty mintues outside then our session is over for the day."

Will frowns, "I thought we had tonight as well?" Earning a panicked look from Hannibal.

"No Will, I'm afraid not tonight I have some personal matters to take care of...but the rest of the time being we will spend plenty of time to know one other." Hannibal unusually insists, "I just moved to town and I have matters of my own." He folds his hands across his lap.

"Okay."

"So Will, how are you enjoying the weather?" Hannibal questioned easily changing the subject, "is it enjoyable?"

Glancing around the small parking lot, the sun was position high in the air, "I like it...the sun feels good against my skin."

"That's good, now Will..can we discuss your childhood? I'm sorry it's required by the state for me to go into every detail of *your life*, if you want me to claim you as sane and able to function in society." Hannibal added, while the slightly warm air gushed Will's dark curls, sending a shiver down his spine.

"My childhood? It was alright, my mother died when I was a teenager and after that I was sent to live with my aunt. I got accepted into a decent college- and if your curious no I wasn't affected by my mother's death and my father died before I was born." He played with the loose thread on the coat wondering if the doctor even cared about Will or if he was just other patient other face to Will to collect a pay check.

The doctor nodded allowing Will to continue, "I became a teacher, followed by working at a university until ten years ago I was perfectly sane, until I saw it."

"Saw what."

Will shallows hard, knowing if he admits to a another doctor that he witnessed a windigo rip out his best friend's heart or if he should keep silent, "nothing..I saw nothing."

Wiping the freshly formed tears at his eyes, Will decides he's had enough of being outside. "Will I know what you saw, in your file it states that you witnessed Abigail Hobbs being murdered, which led you to suffer a breakdown of your well being." Hannibal explains, Will sees that maybe to anyone but himself it seems possible that Will had suffered a breakdown.

But they didn't see the creature rip away Abigail's heart, they didn't become covered in her blood as they screamed for help, they weren't locked away for years away from society.

"You can't believe everything you read." Will says flatly, standing up he wants to go inside. "I believe our twenty minutes are up, Hannibal."

"Will I'm sorry if I upset you, I'm only doing my job- don't you wish to be free?" Hannibal apologised, only for Will to shake his head.

Walking towards the front entrance with Hannibal, he takes in one last gulp of fresh air wondering when it would be the next time he is exposed to sunlight.

( ) ( )

Will is wide awake that night staring at the ceiling, it's the second day his roommate isn't in the same room as him. He wonders idly if he had been released, his roommate's bed sat completely made and untouched his name if Will could recall was Jack, and he never bothered anyone.

Skipping dinner was doing no good to Will's body, he felt his stomach growl again, he rips the covers off slipping into his slippers he opens the room door wondering if perhaps dinner was still being served.

He walks down the empty corridor, prepared incase a orderly was going to grab ahold of him. He was ready with his poor excuse of being lost and no one was in the hallway, the florescent lights were blinking on and off. He pushed the door guiding towards to the dining hall open.

Opening the door, he heard a slight gagging noise. Turning on his heel instead of finding something to eat he rushed almost towards the source of the noise.

"Hello?" He could hear a scuffing noise as he grew closer towards a part of the hospital that was under construction, he walked under the caution tape, wondering why he was going so far.

The hospital was almost a ghost town inside the construction area, there was plastic sheeting hung up, he could smell a mixture of bleach, fresh paint and what he could make out as wood shavings.

"Hello? Is anyone back here?" Will called out again only to hear a loud spatter, "anyone?"

There was silence, in the sealed off area. Will suddenly gets a sense that it's creepy and dark. Trying to remind himself that he was *hungry* seemed to become forgotten. He moves around

a corner when he spies a body lying on the floor, from the looks of it, Will makes it out to be Jack.

Uttering a silent gasp, he holds onto the wall for support- he looks around the room unsure what he can do, he noticed that Jack's shirt had been ripped open exposing his chest cavity, in the darkness Will could hear shuffling of feet as he moved in closer there was blood pooling beneath Jack's body.

"Jack..oh God no." Will whispers, he flees away from the body when he heard a loud crash behind a restroom door. "Fuck."

Climbing beneath a table with a white table cloth throw on top of it Will tucks himself inside, the restroom door opens revealing the source of the noise.

A perfect casting of the full moon shines a light on the stranger as he pushes the door open.

A man steps out, he appears to be wary of his surrounding, as Will looks closer the man is covered in fresh blood, his perfectly white short is almost a deep shade of auburn, as Will looks up from his hidden spot he sees it's doctor Lecter, only this time his eyes aren't clear he can see that they are dilated with a shade of blood running in them as if his eyes were bleeding.

"No." Will utters silently, clasping his hand over his mouth. He stupidly realises he had spoken out loud.

Hannibal eyes flicker focusing on Jack's dead body, before he calls out with anger.

"Who's there?" Hannibal hisses, his charm his humanity is gone, there is rage in his voice.

Had ripped out Jack's heart in the same matter? Like Abigail before, had he removed other organs? Will's thought process was scattered, *had he ate them, without remorse?*

Will is nearly hyperventilating, while his lip quivers he tries to calm himself by not crying out.

Hannibal walks away from Jack's body as he leaves the ghostly white light of the moon's lighting his eyes are going back to his normal clear green, he stares disgusted at the body before turning on his heel he opens the door leaving Will unknowably behind.

As the door closes behind him, Will lets out a anguish cry, feeling the tears fall down his face, curling his legs beneath him. He bites down on his hand knowing if he's heard Hannibal will be back for him as well.

He trusted Hannibal, but yet the windigo was once again at Will's side and Will knew it wanted nothing but Will's heart, ten years and it was coming back full circle to finish Will off.

He clenches his fist wondering if he could buy Hannibal's trust, so he could escape again. *Or perhaps Hannibal,* a voice said at the back of his mind, *didn't want to harm Will,* Hannibal

had plenty of chances to *kill Will*. He had touched Will, he had offered *help and hope* to the fragile man.

Could it be possible that Hannibal was sorry? Was it possible the only way for the older man to survive was to kill, what did that make Will out to be?

Did he trust Hannibal? He hadn't been harmed by the doctor was it possible he felt a connection with Hannibal?

Shaking his head, Will could assume that Hannibal wasn't out to harm Will.

Nonsense, Will clearly was truly insane. Jumping to his feet, wiping his tears away, not daring to look behind his shoulder to stare into Jack's accusing *dead eyes*, much like a bloated fish. He ran as fast as he could back into the security of his own room.

Will knew of three things that he was sure of, Hannibal wasn't a human, he was possibly the *same windigo* from ten years ago and he wanted Will in some form.

What worried Will was he trusting a monster? Could Will face Dr. Lecter again?

Flightless bird

Will awakes to a low buzzing noise as he turns over in his bed he realises slowly that it had only been three days and the orderlies were already cleaning up Jack's side of the room, not having alerted the staff of Doctor Lecter's strangeness and the murder of Jack Crawford. He pulled the sheets off of his head to see the buzzing noise was a vacuum, a old tired woman's back turned to Will as he swung his feet off his bed.

A construction worker had found Jack's body only a day later, when the hospital had simply proclaimed it as a suicide, Will had seemed to stare at Hannibal's charming sympathetic smile.

He could of said something, anything. Then again it was Will's word *an insane patient* against a renowned doctor, he was at a loss.

Maybe it was only a dream. He shrugs as he finds a plain blue sweater in his drawer, slipping into a pair of sweats, Will's hands hover over his journal only to settle on a pair of socks, today Will didn't need to draw attention to himself.

Especially not to Dr. Lecter the last person he wanted to face today, but after faking three stomach illnesses he knew that today, he had to face the doctor. He felt himself become calm as he shifted his slippers towards his door, without bothering to look at Jack's former residence he braved himself for the cafeteria where he could stare at the clock until he was faced with his own demise.

Will noticed that it was raining outside which matched his mood.

( ) ( ) ( )

"You going to eat that?" A woman eyes Will's vanilla pudding, it's the least concern on Will's mind at the moment *eating*. He shrugs as he allows the woman to take his cup.

Within another moment he slides his whole tray to the woman, she glares at him curiously before he stands up, avoiding the various looks from orderlies and nurses Will finds himself wincing watching the clock, any moment he would be forced to go into *his office*, and try again to decide why he was even bothering with the doctor.

Freedom.. A small voice reminded him. Play along with the doctor and he would be released.

If that's what Hannibal was even, Will at this point didn't believe that he was human, "Windgo, doctor or a monster." Will whispers barely audible to himself, clenching his fists as a hand lands playfully on Will's back causing him to flinch.

"Whoa there Will, you okay?" Freddie comes into Will's view he unclenches his fist forcing a smile upon his face. Freddie's flaming red hair hangs in her concerned face, Will shakes his head, "I'm fine..just tired."

Freddie doesn't buy it for a moment, "you're fine? Yeah sure. I mean your roommate just *killed himself* and Will you can talk to me, about anything." She places a hand back upon Will's back and he shudders. "Will you're freezing, Jesus Christ!" Freddie recoils while Will himself doesn't notice he is indeed cold.

"I think, I'm going to see Dr. Lecter now, I'll catch up with you later." Will says cringing he isn't that much in a talkative mood, "see you at dinner." He says over his shoulder, leaving Freddie the only person that seemed to understand Will even more baffled and confused than himself.

Leaving the cafeteria Will rubs his shoulders for warmth; the halls are nearly empty Will passes a few doctors, nurses and patients. He smiled bitterly at each person he walks past. As he narrows towards the glass door, he noticed that now the door had a freshly painted name across causing Will to shiver from fear not coldness.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter, the name is so fresh that Will places his fingers on the 'H' and reveals a trace of black paint onto his fingertips, he shudders watching the doorknob turn. The 'H' is smudged.

Like a child caught with his hands in a cookie jar, Hannibal pulls the door open with a smile upon his face, with his ash blonde hair hanging in his face he forgets almost instantly that Hannibal *wasn't human* that he had ripped Jack's organs out, no this was the friendly concerned doctor Will had met only a few days ago.

"Will! You're early, as a matter of fact by five minutes- what are you doing standing out here?" Hannibal moves out of entry way allowing Will in, once he's inside he realises that the office is warm enough inside that he stops shivering almost instantly.

The office reeked of fresh paint, it was clear that Hannibal had been decorating, what caught his eyes was the fact that the walls that were once white now painted blood red, *it doesn't mean anything*. He blinked and the walls were no longer blood red, they were a shade of a deep red. It still bothered Will although.

"Your office, it looks.-" Will startled himself as the door behind him was closed by Hannibal.

Trapped like a sacred lamb. He thought helplessly to himself, pretending to invest himself with a painting upon the wall.

"I see you noticed my painting, isn't it beautiful? I did it myself, it's a forest I grew up around as a boy." Hannibal appeared behind Will, who only nodded.

The forest painting wasn't *something* that appeared very child friendly to Will himself, if it was possible it looked dark with barely any element of light colours.

"Dr. Lecter was your *childhood* good?" Will pondered forgetting anything of the past few days of events. He turned to see what he could assume was a shocked expression spread across the doctor's face, Will folded his arms across his chest awaiting his answer.

"Aren't I the doctor here, Will? Shouldn't I be asking if *your childhood was good*?" Hannibal questioned the younger man, only to sit at his usual spot.

His desk, this time had three photographs the photo of the girl, a family portrait and a photo of a boy and the girl. Will assumes that they are Hannibal's family.

Could a monster have family? He thought aimlessly to himself.

Will still was standing, "Dr. Lecter I've told you about my childhood, nothing was wrong with mine. Now it's your turn." Will insisted.

Pushing the doctor for more information Will decided it was only polite to sit across from the doctor, a clap of thunder roars on outside.

Hannibal folds his hands on his desk smiling sadly at the photo of the girl and boy, his hands reach for the photo, launching into his story he doesn't look up from the photo. "My childhood, was good." He says simply and Will thinks that's all the older man is going to say.

"Time is a marvellous way to heal wounds, I lost my sister, father and mother to a crippling disease that swept my home country of Romania, it was something that today could of been easily cured with a simple routine shot from a doctor. What took my family away left me orphaned, my aunt and uncle took me in after their deaths, why it didn't take me puzzles me to this day." Hannibal seemed not to be in the same room as Will as he sat down the photo reaching for another.

"So is that why you decided to become a doctor, after losing your family?" Will inquired, deifying himself as seemed to fall into the story, "I'm sorry about your family Dr. Lecter."

A ghost of a smile crept upon Hannibal's lips, "Will, what do you have to be sorry for? Do I look like I'm in pain still? I'm happy. Helping people and I can save lives, there's nothing that could change the past no sense in living in it, now is there?" He exclaimed, Hannibal's hand settled on Will's for a moment and Will didn't protest or run from the room.

It was nice. Human or monster contact was nice he hadn't felt a loving touch in years. *Loving touch?* Was he crazy? It was just a accidental touch, of course nothing more.

"Oh sorry." Will said when his blue eyes settled into Hannibal's own clear eyes, that only a few days ago were dark as the night sky.

"No it's my fault. Got too caught up my own past." Hannibal mummers, "I think we shall call this a day next time our visit will be more positive." Hannibal promised.

"Sure. Uh Hannibal not to be rude, but what was the disease that killed your family?" Will stood up from his chair, his voice was crippling.

"Will, it was so long ago.,I can't remember too clearly myself anymore, but like I said I'm in a better place now." Hannibal held on the back of his chair for support, he looked up at Will looking past him, "I'm fine Will no need to worry."

"I'm sorry it I offended you Dr. Lecter." Will stumbles over his words as he apologises.

"It's fine." The older man holds his hand up as a signal.

"So I'll see you tomorrow the same time?" Will says rubbing the back of his head, as Hannibal walks him to the door he feels the doctor placing his hand on the small of Will's back.

Just a friendly gesture. Will wondered hastily to himself, he didn't try to pull away although.

"Always Will, I believe you are making progress." Hannibal opens the door, sending the warmth from his office out, "slow progress."

"Good bye Dr. Lecter." Will feels his hand drop from Will, and finds himself a bit sad about it.

"Have a nice evening Will, oh and Will?" Hannibal calls after Will.

Will stops in his tracks looking at Dr. Lecter who leaned against his office frame, "I'm sorry about your friend Jack Crawford; if you need anything I'm here always."

Will only nods remembering that Hannibal wasn't all as innocent as he seemed. "Thank you Dr. Lecter." He shallows hard.

Strangely it didn't effect Will as badly as he thought it would.

( ) ( ) ( )

Will lies awake that night after the lights had been switched off, he listens to the rain pound against his window, with lighting his only source of light. Thunder rips through causing him to jump in his bed.

Will unable to sleep rips his covers off as he swings his feet off his bed, he opens the drawer of his dresser where his journal has remained for almost years now.

As he moves his socks, boxers and other things he feels a pang of panic set in, *it wasn't there*.

"Oh no, no." Will is angrily muttering then without care tosses the drawer's contents out as a clap of thunder echoes outside.

He searches the whole room, it isn't anywhere he lets out a cry of frustration. "Where is it?" He closes his eyes when the crackle of lighting shoots across the sky.

The answer was so clear and simple why couldn't Will see it before?

Hannibal Lecter. The doctor had taken it, and for what? To see what Will had written or to prove that Will was a hopeless cause?

The questions were eating at him, as the storm raged on outside, Will only wanted to confront Hannibal for what he was.

As another lighting strike lit the room up, Will looked up in the corner of his room and for a mere moment he could of sworn that Hannibal himself was standing in the corner with his teeth soaked with blood.

Another flash and the image like Will's journal was gone.

Eating me alive

As the week passed, the frequent visits between Will and Hannibal returned to normal, as normal as it could be for Will.

He didn't ruin the fact his journal had gone missing, only scrambling for napkins writing barely anything on them. He knew if the napkins were discovered again much like his journal it would be confiscated. He was beginning to become frustrated, knowing that Hannibal was aware of what Will had written in his journal.

Will stood near the window, watching the outside world was boring itself, since the hospital was located in a remote location not much traffic came through, he sighed as he watched the clouds move slowly across the skyline. Today the weather outside was bearable, although there wasn't any source of sunlight. Not that Will got to enjoy it.

He had until tomorrow morning to see Dr. Lecter, not having much more to do he jumped when a voice came behind him.

"You must be William Graham, hello." A man spoke with a kind smile, he wasn't a patient as Will saw he wore the trademark suit that indicted he wasn't part of the hospital. looking fresh and very much alive compared to the rest of the ward.

"Actually it's just Will Graham, the whole *William* bit doesn't suit me." Will says correcting the man as he shook his hand, his grip was firm as Will broke apart.

"I'm Donald Sutcliffe. Well medically speaking I'm Dr. Sutcliffe, I was asked by the hospital to run some tests on you." Dr. Sutcliffe holds out a form meaning Will had to sign it, he reaches for the form and for a moment wonders why he didn't have to sign anything when Dr. Lecter started treatment with him.

"It's just a consent form. Mr. Graham if you don't sign it we can't began treatment." Dr. Sutcliffe says firmly, and Will grasps the form unsure why it was bothering him so much.

Will realises only Dr. Sutcliffe and himself are in the wreck room, Will never told anyone but he had trouble tracking with time and sometimes Will would forget where he was or how he even got there.

Will himself blamed years of isolation and confinement in the hospital for his confusion.

"I'll sign it, if you tell me what the tests are for." Will promised, taking a pen from the man.

Dr. Sutcliffe frowns, "didn't Dr. Lecter tell you that tests were underway as per your therapy sessions with Dr. Lecter also if you pass these tests you have a greater chance of being released." Dr. Sutcliffe went on as Will sat himself down a table glancing at the form.

"No, I guess I wasn't paying attention, what are the tests." Will says sourly, nothing comes to mind of Hannibal mentioning this.

"Brain scans and simple tests, they will require you to barely lift a finger. Now if you just sign here." Dr. Sutcliffe points at the bottom line, and Will surrenders signing it. "I'm going to have to ask you before your first test in the morning that you eat lightly as the first test is a brain scan and we don't know the effect they will have on you."

"What effect- what do you mean?" Will stammers, handing the consent forms back to Dr. Sutcliffe. "In the morning? But I have a appointment with Dr. Lecter in the morning."

"Some people become nauseous, and we don't want you to have a side effect in the machine, such as vomiting or having a seizure." Dr. Sutcliffe informs Will, placing the forms inside his briefcase, he smiled at Will as if he was another friend. "It would be after your little appointment with Lecter."

It surprised Will, that Dr. Sutcliffe didn't call Hannibal by his doctor title. *Maybe he was annoyed by Will.* Shaking the thought off, he clicked back into reality.

"A seizure? What did I just sign?" Will says raising his eyebrows Dr. Sutcliffe only pats Will's back, as if assuring everything was going to be okay.

"It will be fine Mr. Graham. Chances are after this you will only need maybe two scans then we can move on to other tests that require you to write or to draw." Dr. Sutcliffe, moves towards the doorway, placing a hand upon the doorknob he glances back at Will.

"Drawing? Writing, I hope to remind you I once was a renowned professor." Will says sourly folding his arms over his chest, he fought an urge to roll his eyes.

"It may sound childish Mr. Graham, but like I said it will only increase your chances of being released." Dr. Sutcliffe opens the door, "good bye Mr. Graham I shall see you in the morning." The door closes leaving Will *alone*.

Used to reaching for his journal off the table, Will's hand catches air. He too follows after Dr. Sutcliffe trail, holding off from going to Hannibal's office, instead he heads off to the art room.

The art room was more or less an actual art room, patients were aloud to paint on canvases, to use pottery, and most of all to free their depression and anger out on art projects. Will knew that Freddie would be there, after avoiding her for so long Will couldn't leave her in the dark anymore than he was with everyone else.

Will feels a stinging pain inside the palm of his right hand, he raises it and sees with much concern he still was gripping the pen Dr. Sutcliffe had given him to sign the papers, the palm of his hand was swollen and bloody. The pen hand dragged through his hand, without realising it, Will shoves the pen into his pocket knowing he would need it for later.

The question was for what, would he need it for.

( ) ( ) ( )

"Look who decided to show his face. Will, hand me that blue. No not that one, *blue* not that weird green." Freddie brushed back a strand of her dark red hair, not looking up from her painting.

Will had stood by watching Freddie, who was painting what appeared to be a night sky. Will himself wasn't that great at art, he only observed. "Here." Will said quietly, "sorry I haven't really.-"

"Been around, giving me the cold shoulder." Freddie says, without warning she stabs the canvas sending spatters of blue paint across Will's white shirt.

"I haven't been myself lately, been kinda on edge." Will finds himself saying as Freddie nods.

He unscrews a cap of red paint, smearing it upon a blank piece of paper, unsure what he could say. "My journal was stolen." Will says flatly, Freddie pauses looking up from her canvas.

"I knew something was different about you, well besides the whole freezing body drop." Freddie says smugly wiping her hand on a towel.

Will sighs crumbling the paper, tossing it into a trash bin. "Guess it's the end of writing my travels then."

"Will, no never. Your writing isn't over!" Freddie mock gasps, reaching out she grabs Will's injured hand.

"Ouch..let go." Will whines, and Freddie pulls back looking at her own hand.

"Will unless that's paint, what did you do." Freddie turns over Will's hand, reaching for the paint towel she wraps Will's wounded hand, there's a silence until Freddie speaks again. "Will. I can't do this bullshit *silent treatment*. Talk." Freddie pats Will's hand.

"I signed some papers for tests and ended up stabbing myself with the pen." Will said simply, seeing Freddie scoff at Will.

"That's pretty far fetched Will, what kind of tests require you to *stab* yourself, certainly you don't need-." Freddie stops shortly, looking confused. "Are you even sure it was a pen? I mean a wound that deep. It looks like someone stabbed you with a knife, Will what did you do?"

"It was a pen see." Will pulls the black pen out, there's enough blood upon it.

Freddie grasps the pen before handing back to Will, "there's nothing on the pen; Will it's clean. I'm worried about you." Freddie watches as Will stands up, "don't go Will, I'm not saying you did it." She says flatly, Will only shakes his head, he feels his forehead with his left hand, drawing back a patch of sweat.

Suddenly the room was too hot for Will he wanted out, he felt feverish. He listened to Freddie go on, but her voice was muffled as Will saw what scared him the most.

"No." Will quivers, on the mirror above the sink looking back at him was the windgo, only this time the features were more human like more *familiar* the body was grey and as Will adjusted his glasses, the windgo was clutching a still beating heart in his clutches, it smiled back at Will, holding it's free hand out to Will.

"Dr. Lecter?" Will felt funny as the room seem to shake around him, the windgo inched a finger towards Will encouraging him to come closer, "Will?" A fading voice in the background, Will paid no attention only focusing on the windgo.

"Will!" A orderly called out, Will felt darkness hit him, as he fell back hitting the table. He watched the windgo stand beside the orderlies that were rushing to his side, as he looked again the windgo tilted his head before Will blacked out he heard a familiar voice call his name out again.

"Will! Someone please help!" Freddie rushed to find a nurse, while Will let himself grab the windgo's hand, it felt like a shock as reality fell apart beside Will, the windgo didn't disappear from Will's side.

( ) ( ) ( )

"Will? Will, can you hear me?" In the fogginess of Will's vision he could make out two figures, a woman and a man.

"I think he's waking up, about time." The woman spoke, she stood up from her seat looking at Will's vitals.

Will recalled that the woman was Alana Bloom, the head of the psychology department, surely Will's questionable behaviour caused her to personally visit him on the matter of Will's health.

"Dr. Bloom, it's only been a week. I'm surprised that he's recovering this fast." Dr. Lecter encouraged, "it was the pressure of those tests, that caused a mild seizure."

"*Mild?* Dr. Lecter that was full on, after years of observing Will I never seen him suffer a breakdown!" Dr. Bloom cried out, she sat back down in her chair while Hannibal stood, only shaking his head, Will could see the two he just wished he still had his glasses on.

"Dr. Bloom I've been here almost a month after becoming his therapist, I do not care what he has done *allegedly*, I only care for Will's best interests." Hannibal defended himself, as Dr. Bloom defeated tapped her foot aggressively.

"Stop it, both of you. Or I'm going to ask you both to leave, or both of you." A nurse scolded the doctors, who lowered their voices quickly.

"Dr. Bloom, I believe you deserve some rest, a nice cup of tea. You've been here all night." Hannibal said smoothly, "I can help Will to some breakfast and inform him of the bitter news."

"Ah, yes. Once again Dr. Lecter I'm sorry you were the one to find Dr. Sutcliffe's body, unbelievable the man was murdered by his own patient." Alana's voice was filled with sympathetic, as she grabbed her pea coat, she glanced back at Will. "Take care Will."

Will wasn't sure if Alana knew that he was awake or not, only she closed the door while the nurse breathed a sigh of relief.

"Good. Now I can go on my break without having to worry that you two will start your own personal fight club." The nurse left the room holding what Will believed to be a copy of a romance novel.

"Will, are you awake?" Dr. Lecter was at the foot of Will's bed, "I packed us a healthy breakfast, we don't have to bother with the burden of eating in front of others."

Hannibal moved from the foot of Will's bed, opening a basket filled with containers, as each was opened it filled the room with delicious smells, causing Will's stomach to growl. Personally he couldn't remember the last time he had sat down and ate an actual meal.

"Can I even get up?" Will says rasped, pointing towards the machines.

"Of course Will, you're attached to a fluid drip, that's all at the moment almost two hours ago they medical staff unattached the others, here I'll help you up." Hannibal says briskly, grabbing ahold of Will's hand, as Will swigs his legs off the bed, he realises he's wearing nothing more than a hospital gown and boxers.

"Uh..sorry about my appearance, if you want I could get dressed-."

"Nonsense. Will, you have been knocked out for over a week now in a medically induced sleep. You have no reason to worry about what you look like." Hannibal escorts Will towards a table with two chairs, on the table is a few containers a thermos and numerous items.

"The staff has told me you haven't been eating Will." Hannibal scolds.

"Yeah so?"

"Will it does appear that you've lost a decent amount of weight and even after a near week of sleep, your eyes are sunk in and appear bruised. Will are you having nightmares, you have to remind yourself they are not real. Nothing can harm you in your dreams." Hannibal says clearly, making Will wish he could tell the doctor his nightmares involved a windigo and how the windigo often transformed into Hannibal.

"I'll try to remember that, next time."

"As I said Will you can talk to me about anything that's on your mind." Hannibal sits at the small table, smiling kindly at the younger man.

"What happened to Dr. Sutcliffe?" Will asks changing the subject, as he sits down at the table, dragging the ivy drip with him.

Hannibal's smile drops becoming alarmed almost.

"Unfortunately he was attacked viciously by Georgia Madchen, a patient of his. The poor girl followed Dr. Sutcliffe back to his office and tore his face apart, he was beheaded almost at the jawline." Dr. Lecter says bitterly, pouring a decent amount of coffee into Will's paper cup.

"If Dr. Sutcliffe is *dead* who will take the tests now?"

"I will assist in the tests, Dr. Bloom will perform the brain scans after all we must be sure that you don't have a tumour or a blood vessel that burst inside your head, now do we?" Hannibal takes a bite of what appears to be bacon to Will.

"Sure."

"The brain scales are important but they theirselves can not decide if you possess any form of mental illness or not. The duration of the tests and exercises are far more important." Hannibal sounds assure of himself, Will smiles weakly holding himself up with one hand as he grasps the paper cup filled with coffee.

Bringing the coffee up to his lips Will felt a surge of guilt for Dr. Sutcliffe's death, "you found the body?" He stammered, shaking as the hot fluid hit the back of his throat.

"Yes Will, why do you ask?" Hannibal opens up a container revealing poached eggs, placing two on Will's platter.

"Because it seems, ever since you've been around...people seem to *die in a unusual matter*." Will says artlessly grabbing his coffee again, assuring himself everything he had seen about the doctor was nonhuman as possible.

"Are you indicating something?"

"Yes and no."

"Well Will, as you can see we are in a safe environment; what's on your mind?" Hannibal folds his hands across the table, locking eye contact with Will, as Will looked into his eyes today they were dark, his usual clear green eyes were gone.

Will blinked fumbling with the paper cup he didn't think the doctor would take him *seriously*, instead he takes a bite of his poached egg, finding himself hungry.

"You're not human Dr. Lecter, I've seen you-you killed Jack Crawford. Your eyes change colour almost each day. Hannibal I-." Will feels exhausted almost as he drags himself closer to Hannibal.

"Your point Will, that I am a monster?" Hannibal muses, as if enjoying a private joke.

Will blinks raising his eyebrows, he *hadn't even brought up the subject of monsters*.

"I was there that *night*, I followed you into the construction area, after hearing Jack's strangled cries for help." Will says firmly, hoping that suddenly the windigo would appear before Will citing all his beliefs to be true.

"I knew you were there. I could *smell your fear*, after all your panic was almost sad. I wouldn't dare harm a hair upon your little head." Hannibal insisted, reaching out for one of Will's free hands, Will recoiled pulling his hands to his sides.

"You're not human are you Dr. Lecter." Will says coldly, bringing his hand back he knocks over a container filled with buttered toast onto the floor.

Hannibal blinks several times then begins to laugh, "I suppose you are right Will...but your journal explains so much more. For starters you are correct on many of them."

"You did steal my journal!?" Will cocks his head as if the doctor held it.

"Hiding something in your sock drawer isn't very wise Will, anyone could of found it." Hannibal shrugs admitting, he did steal the journal.

"What, no..you killed Crawford, Sutcliffe and his death is being blamed on Georgia Madchen." Will says baffled, "why did you kill Sutcliffe he didn't do anything.-"

"The doctor would of became suspicious of your relationship with myself and a investigation would of been launched, as for Crawford he figured out what I was after he left his kitchen duty, he saw my true form..couldn't have a deranged man running to you confessing what I was..or to have him confess during therapy sessions with Dr. Sutcliffe." Hannibal speaks modestly as if it's a great relief of his shoulders.

Will has become sick pushing his food away from himself. "You killed them because they were all connected *with me.*" Will speaks in a low voice he shivers, grabbing the table for support.

"Will you are ill, and the doctors had to stitch your hand up after that nasty self inflicted wound..the medical staff is convinced that Dr. Sutcliffe had foolishly left a pair of scissors out for you to slice your hand, carelessness cost him his life." Hannibal reminds Will again.

"So Georgia Madchen is going down for it?" Will says unbelievably as Hannibal nods.

"The girl has a disease in which she can not see faces, so for all she knows she did kill that man. She's in the hospital because she killed her best friend when the two were teenagers, she tore her face off much like Sutcliffe's." Hannibal persisted, holding out his hands in surrender.

"So easy kill is that how it's become for you?" Will's quiet voice is almost a whisper. "You are a monster, why did you come back after all these years? *To amuse me?* With the possibility of freedom? Is that it? You killed Abigail Hobbs, didn't you?" Will snarls at the doctor who in Will's amazement flinches back.

A silence passes before Hannibal speaks, "Abigail Hobbs wasn't as innocent as she appeared, she too had killed before with her father-."

"So I interrupted your meal? Why didn't you just kill me too?" Will cries out untrusting the rush of anger that floods inside him.

"Because Will, your heart is pure. You have never hurt a single soul, I felt guilty leaving you all those years ago-you took the blame for a death that you had nothing a part of." Hannibal reflects as he stands up, helping Will back to his bed.

"So because my *heart is pure* you can't kill me? Bullshit." Will shouted at Hannibal.

"Bullshit! Bullshit!" Will finds himself knocking things off the table, tears flooding his line of vision, "don't *lie to me!!*" Will exhales resting his head against the warmth of Hannibal, who was taken aback by Will's tenderness.

"Will I'd never lie to you, not now. Not ever." Hannibal says softly stoking Will's dark curls as Will cries frustrated.

"I just want to go back to sleep, Hannibal I'll see you tomorrow after dinner..to start the tests." Will says with his voice rasped, he feels Hannibal letting him go as he is helped back into the hospital bed.

"Sleep I think will help you. Goodbye Will, I'll see you when you feel well enough to visit." Hannibal said quietly, covering Will with the heavy hospital blankets.

Will did not say anything, feeling the angered tears become filled with sadness again as they damped his pillow, he held onto so many unanswered questions.

Will heard the man leave the room, closing the door gently, he wondered who was going to clean up the breakfast mess or how he was going to explain the cause of it. He wondered if he had pissed away his only chance at freedom.

Closing his eyes, he found sleep coming quickly. This time when he dreamed of the windigo it's sight did not frighten Will as he followed it deeper into the forest.

Will did not hear Hannibal return that evening placing the journal perfectly intact under his arm, leaving the younger man again. Hannibal paused by the doorway before deciding not to awake him. Will awoke to a quiet darken room. He didn't sleep much after that.

alone together

Will sat across from Dr. Bloom, who was asking him a series of questions he barely understood, he realised after receiving his journal back that Hannibal barely spoke of their encounter after Will confronted him, he was distant.

Will agreed to stay in the hospital part of the ward, not wanting to sleep in the room that he encounter nightmares with, he spoke to three people and that was it. Hannibal, Dr. Bloom and if his journal counted that was it.

Will wrote barely in his journal, hiding it beneath his mattress during the day, only after dark he dug it out clutching it unsure what to write. His mind was a blank canvas, Hannibal was out for the day leaving Dr. Bloom to perform the brain scans which revealed nothing of importance.

Not that Will was expecting a brain tumour or his brain to be falling to mush, instead by medical terms he was perfectly fine. Now he sat staring out the window it was raining matching his mood.

"Will, have you thought of harming yourself?" Alana's voice concern voice broke his thoughts as he stared at her, scratching the wound on his hand.

"No."

"Have you thought of harming others in a violent way, or have you harmed-."

"*No.*" He answered almost too quickly.

Alana raised her eyebrows, writing down on her clipboard,"you can be honest with me." She mumbled.

"Can we take a break, we have been sitting here for hours, I'm sure you have almost plenty of information on my mental health." Will snapped almost, rising from his seat he wasn't surprised as Alana called after him.

"Will, please come back-." He slammed her office door, shaking as the doorknob rattled in his hands, he walked down the empty corridor.

Awaking for the orderly to open the hospital door on the hospital ward, he watched people exit the hospital parking lot and people come into the hospital some with nervous looks upon their faces others not looking back as they left.

The lighting strikes across the sky, as if it were an omen. He watched the rain pour down more. In the distance he could make out a Mercedes in the distance; he knew the car by heart. It was Hannibal's, he was back already and Will wanted to be asleep before the doctor was in Will's room again.

( ) ( ) ( )

"Will. Will." A voice awoke him calmly, "Will wake up please."

His eyes flew open, he looked up to see Freddie Lounds holding a small bundle of clothes in one hand and in other his glasses, he placed them on glancing around the small hospital room it was night still outside, he clicked for a moment, *this isn't real.*

"W-What are you doing here?" Will asked, yawning.

Freddie shook her head, "we have to get you out of here now." She simply says tossing him the clothes, "you were right about the windigo it's after us."

"What?" Will asks to an empty room, only the room is no longer the hospital room. He's outside in the parking lot again watching as a windigo tore apart Abigail's chest, holding her heart he closed his eyes the monster was gone replaced with Hannibal holding out the heart on a perfect sliver tray.

"Will, how rude. You left in the middle of desert." Hannibal sets the tray down he reaches out grasping Will by the back of his neck he pulls him in closer, Will can see his sharp teeth, as Will opens his mouth to scream he feels the weight of Hannibal crushing against his lips as he rolls his eyes in the back of his head he tastes blood, the copper taste pours into his.

"Hannibal?" He breaks the kiss, blood is soaking through his shirt, Hannibal disagrees licking through Will's mouth he bites. Will shrivels beneath Hannibal's touch.

"Oh Will." Hannibal speaks huskily as he pulls his mouth towards his throat, he kisses him gently before biting down on his throat.

Will cries out, as Hannibal's mouth oozes blood Will puts his hand against his throat to feel his blood gushing onto the floor, looks up helpless before Hannibal grabs him again pulling him beneath darkness more.

Will awakes this time in his hospital room alone, he's sweating as he grabs his throat checking it to see if it had remained intact.

He drew his hands back there was no blood, nodding he assured himself that he was alright, that it was alright to dream of kissing Hannibal, to have your throat ripped out in the middle of making out with someone that he once thought to be a monster.

Shaking Will grabbed his journal, by the time he grabbed it he had forgotten the dream almost, not sure if it was a nightmare or a fantasy.

( ) ( ) ( )

"You are nearly done, I'm surprised by your results. They are astounding." Dr. Bloom exclaimed the next day, Hannibal still hadn't returned and Will was beginning to feel strange, he missed Hannibal.

After all he was getting tired of Dr. Bloom's fake enthusiasm, he scoffed at her attempts of bonding with him asking if he had anything on his mind. He wondered if Hannibal left for good or if Will knowing his true identity worried him. If Hannibal was worried about Will exposing him, he could simply kill him.

"Thanks, when will Hannibal be back?" He asked eagerly, if he was correct Dr. Bloom nearly rolled her eyes in the back of her head.

"*Dr. Lecter* will return when he is needed, why do you care so much about him. Is he a better therapist than myself?" She clicked her pen setting it down, she grimaced at him.

"Tell me Will."

"I don't feel like talking about that with you, it's nothing of your business." Will shot back, earning a frown from Alana.

She sat down her clipboard, plucking a invisible hair off her dress. "This isn't called for, your rudeness."

"I don't believe you are my therapist, I don't have to share anything personal with you." Will said stiffly, he held eye contact with the floor.

"If you feel that way Will, perhaps we should end this session today, I think an orderly should escort you to spend some time alone until you learn to to cooperate with others besides Dr. Lecter." She spoke with acid, Will didn't get a chance to react as he felt a orderly grab the back of his shoulder.

His helpless eyes darted across the room, "no please. Alana no!"

"I'm sorry Will, this is for your best interest until I grant approval you are no longer going to see Dr. Lecter or attend any more sessions." She said coldly, watching Will bring dragged towards her office door.

"You can't do this,"

"Oh Will I can, Johnson make sure he is wrapped in a straightjacket and please note that he attacked me- he tried to bite me." Alana said sternly, she folded her arms smiling as Will tried to fight against the orderlies grip grew tighter on Will.

"Boys sedate him."

Will gasped as a nurse appeared grabbing a needle that was thick as Will's fingers, he screamed and thrashed as the needle was plunged into his neck, "please."

The sedative seemed to work quickly, soon the orderlies were able to drag Will out, his limbs seemed to not work as he felt eyes upon him he was dragged off towards the solidarity ward.

Will fought, as much as he could. The orderly only shook his head as he strapped Will against a chair sticking across his face a muzzle, his anxiety grew worse the drug overtaking him as his limbs were useless. It wasn't long until he was under the effects.

He felt an orderly rip him of his clothing, stripping him until he was naked. Ashamed. Will couldn't even cover himself as he was placed into itchy clothing, he felt his eyes closing he struggled to keep them open.

"Now, strap him down and toss him into the quiet room." A voice unseen, called out.

The heaviness was too much, Will was shoved into 'the quiet room.' Which was a padded room no windows, only one door leading in and out. He was thrown on his side, an orderly carefully removed the mask it was pointless, the door was slammed until the silence and the florescent lights were Will's only source of how many hours had gone by.

Will stared at the padded celling moisture leaked at his eyes Will didn't sleep only screaming when the drugs wore off.

( ) ( ) ( )

"Will wake up." A voice instructed him quietly, "Will."

Will was hungry, cold and he had been alone for almost a week. Alana had gotten away with her tale of a patient attacking her allowing her to lock Will away, almost like a prisoner. He was fed only once a day, even then the food was either mush or cold vegetables.

His eyesight was blurred opening his eyes the door sec opened with a familiar face in sight, "Hannibal."

"Where were you, I know you can't always be at the hospital but- I *missed* you."

Hannibal smiled weakly, "Will, what have you done while I was away." Hannibal was untying the bounding ties against Will's back. "Attacking Alana Bloom, refusing treatment and now you're in a padded room."

"Sorry." Will rasped feeling his hands for the first time in almost a week.

Will laid his head in Hannibal's lap, his eyes heavy from crying. He could see the door was plopped open with a book.

"Alana should be ashamed of herself, *she lied* proclaiming you attacked her. I noted in your file that you were *refusing* treatment, because she's not your therapist?" Hannibal said stroking Will's hair.

"She wanted to know what my relationship with you was, and I told her she didn't need to know anything personal about me." Will said simply, he heard a heavy sigh from Hannibal.

"Will, what do you believe our relationship is?"

Will's pale face became flushed, "I don't know. You're my therapist, my friend I can't say much more. I believe you care about me. As much as I care for you." He laughed sitting up "why what do you think our relationship is?"

Under the florescent lights, Will saw every detail and line in Hannibal's face. Will wondered how old the man was, his eyes were clear the usual darkness was gone, Will associated the eye colour change when Hannibal fed.

"I think Will that is for you decide." Hannibal grabbed Will's face bringing it towards his own. Will shivered, Will rested his hands against Hannibal's chest.

He pushed his lips lightly at first against Will's own the kiss tingled Will's insides. The kiss deepened Hannibal kissing him hungrily, Will found it better than the blood kiss in his dreams.

Will moaned beneath the older man's touch, "oh. Hannibal." Breaking the kiss, Will sighed forgetting his hunger, his loneliness he was happy even if it was for twenty minutes.

"I love you, Hannibal." Will nuzzled against Hannibal's chest, "I just wish I could leave this place and go away with you."

"After next week Will, you will be away from this dreadful place. I have a plan." Hannibal assures Will, "I care about you Will and our relationship whatever it may be I am only interested in your well being."

"Does that mean you have to leave me, *now?*" Will's voice was worried, "couldn't you get me back in my hospital room."

"Not tonight Will, I shall fetch you for a session in the afternoon, the weather is going to be pleasant and I believe an outside session is in due order. I need to have a few words with Dr. Bloom..good night Will." Hannibal said softly pressing his lips against Will's forehead.

"Good night Hannibal."

Hannibal nodded, sighing sadly as he bounded the ties around Will again, "I'm sorry I have to do this, if I don't someone will suspect something."

"It's okay."

Hannibal sat Will up kissing him again, "try to get some sleep Will, no more nightmares can we try?"

"I can't promise you. But I'll try." Will said quietly.

Hannibal left the room, looking back over his shoulder he grabbed the book shutting the door quietly. Will was alone again, slipping to a rest that didn't involve nightmares.

Three rounds

Either Hannibal made good on his promise or Alana had changed her mind, the door was opened this morning with a *much friendlier* nurse who helped him to his feet, remarking on how surreal Will appeared, his own body felt gross to the touch, being unable to shower he was relieved when the nurse allowed him to peel off the straight jacket then follows by his old itching clothes were taken away.

It only had been two days since his last encounter with Hannibal, the only visits he had gotten were orderlies making sure he took his medication and ate, the pills he took with a grimace on his face but the food he could barely touch, he often vomited the contents back onto the tray, letting himself become even weaker.

Will felt almost brand new when he was handed a clean set of clothing and slippers, the nurse then instructed him to meet Dr. Lecter in his office.

Will didn't ask if it was okay with Alana or even if he was supposed to be out, instead he used all his energy rushing towards the office which he didn't bother knocking as he opened the door Hannibal stood there with a gentle smile on his face.

"I see that you made it, right on time if I may say." Hannibal closed the door before Will could even speak, locking it this time. Will's eyes widen at the sight of the locks being turned something that Hannibal never did before.

Just privacy, that's all it's for. The voice in the back of his head told him, Will sat automatically in the plush chair that faced Hannibal.

Hannibal in almost a elegant movement sat down before him crossing his legs, his hair hung in his face, today the older man wore a causal sweater and slacks nothing appeared out of the ordinary, but his eyes darted towards a blue ribbon attached to Dr. Lecter's sweater.

Will felt himself become numb, *it had only been two days* he raised his hands over his face, *Hannibal said he would speak with her*. "Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal tilted his head leaning in to listen to Will, "yes, what is it?"

Will felt clammy he grabbed the small trash bin holding it against his chest, "what happened to *Alana*..where is she?"

Hannibal cleared his throat, shooting Will a concern look, he moved from his chair as he patted Will's back, "Alana met a much unfortunate end, I tried to ask her for permission to treat you again."

Will felt his skin on fire, he clung to the trash bin dry heaving as his body hadn't ate anything besides a apple from almost three days ago, he cursed sending the bin on the floor. Hannibal carefully set the bin down soothing Will.

"You killed her. You killed Alana." Will's tone was hoarse as the dullness from his body shook him, "why, why..me."

"Will she believed you had an unhealthy obsession with your doctor, your journal was confiscated- after she searched the hospital room- she read each page. Where that journal is I don't know myself." Hannibal explained

Will grabbed himself, trying to stay still for support, he could see Alana's piercing blue eyes as Hannibal let her see for what he truly was before she died he wondered what had been said between the two, he felt sick to his stomach.

"How *did she die*?" Will asked he felt the room become hotter and hotter, "don't lie to me." Will's lip trembled picturing the violent way she had died, knowing that Hannibal was murdering for him should of caused him to be repulsed or even scared instead he felt a calmness pave it's way in his mind.

"A simple death, easily ruled out as natural causes. I poisoned her after dinner coffee that evening when she was even thinking of assigning me to another patient so, when she was discovered slumped over in her car almost two mornings later, the autopsy ruled it out as natural causes." Hannibal remarked in his calmly voice sending tingles down Will's spine.

"You invited her to your home? For dinner. Won't that raise police concern, and suspicious questions?"

Three people were dead. Since the arrival of Hannibal, Will wondered how much longer it would be until the police pulled the pieces together, he could already picture a bulky out of shape officer asking him questions over the matters of people that were close to him.

People that were now dead.

"So what now, is there going to be a investigation? Three people are dead Hannibal." Will's tone was flat while Hannibal reached behind his desk flinging through a thick folder. "What is that?" Will pointed at the folder knowing already his answer.

"Your medical files, your behaviour charts and most the important factor, your relationship towards me." Hannibal handed Will the folder who leafed through it, adjusting his newly attained glasses he read Alana's carefully scrawled handwriting, each paragraph sent his stomach into knots.

"Will, made a much failed attempt for attention by trying to slash his own wrists in the art room; occurring to Miss Lounds the only witness watched Will mutter to himself, skip meals and then produce a knife with a much ill fated attempt on a suicide? To my beliefs Will has grown only more unstable since his obsession had grown attached to his psychiatrist, demands to have Dr. Lecter attend to his each evaluation; my concern for this behaviour worries not only myself but Will's well being- his journal itself is enough to send any psychiatrist off the walls before he/she is attacked, I hope after Will spends his time in isolation. He'll learn that Dr. Lecter, is not just his psychiatrist."

The files were more or less of comparing Will to other cases in which the patient became solely obsessed with his/her psychiatrist, therapist, doctor etc. He let the folder slip from his grip sending it to scatter on the floor, he wanted to cry, he wanted to curse at Hannibal for killing Alana then he felt the same calming affect work on himself, he understood why know Alana had to *die* it wasn't for food, a sport or entertainment it was-.

It was for Will's protection, Hannibal in each way had been protecting Will since he had arrived here he stared at the older man, blinking he no longer saw the simple older man he saw the devil who wore a sly grin his eyes were ruby red tinted he no longer held the still beating heart, now the windigo man was coming together. Piece by piece Will saw both the human side of Hannibal and the monstrous side that seemed to form a puzzle that for perfectly.

"How did your parents die?" Will asked bluntly, the question itself seemed to take Hannibal back.

"Will I don't feel that's required-."

"I want no more secrets, I've been in the dark for far too long. Tell me Hannibal, now." Will spoke grinding his teeth.

Hannibal grabbed the framed photo, unfolding it exposed three more family members Hannibal smiled fondly, the two tallest were easily to believe the parents while the younger looking ones were smiling carefree the children, although Hannibal was a teenager in the photo his distinct eyes gave him away.

"My parents fighters they were- they bargained their lives to keep both my sister and I alive, how cruel monsters can be amazes me." Hannibal choked out, he cleared his throat looking sadly at Will.

"Will, before I tell you what happened to my family, it is a sad tale nothing besides myself escaping." Hannibal stated staring more into the old photo.

Will was at the edge of his seat, he had never seen anyone so monstrous, breaking down over his past, "I won't change my mind for what you are- I still love you." Will says feeling the *love* word raw in his mouth.

Hannibal smiles, "Will. What I am now is a much tamer aspect compared then what I was ten years ago, or even when my family was killed viciously in front of me and my sister- I thought that everyone in his or her sense was a cold monster even if they are human." Hannibal days gently letting silent tears escape himself, Will resisted the urge to sit on Hannibal's lap and wipe them away.

"My father was the first to die, my mother next after she pleaded her life instead of hurting her only children then finally when the bodies of my parents were tore apart like rag dolls, Mischa was growing weak from hunger in my sadly best efforts she began to eat my *mother's heart*. As a young man I screamed when the man who by this time was a monster in my eyes encouraged Mischa to consume each part." He shallowed hard, the pain creased onto his face.

Will moved closer to Hannibal laying his hands in the older man's lap until the two men linked their hands together no amount of words could soothe the older man, but a simple gesture could calm them both.

"The man told me to shut up, I fell asleep with nightmares causing me to awaken to the man who had disposed of my parents bodies, now only remained a sickly ill Mischa, her throaty gurgle indicted something was wrong, I saw in her stomach was a knife- in my foulness I ripped the knife out- causing my biggest mistake- my sister bled out." Hannibal gripped Will's hand tighter, he seemed to lose focus as slipping away from Will himself.

The room remained silent, minutes ticked by without Hannibal speaking it was enough almost for the older man to be dragged back into his painful childhood.

"What happened?" Will's voice broke the silence, he could only see the frightened teen sobbing over the death of his younger sister, unable to explain how it happened so fast.

"The man *told me that* if i too didn't eat, I soon too would join my family's fate, what the man offered me was something far more gruesome than death itself." Hannibal paused again, more tears escaping the man's face.

"Hannibal you don't have to tell me it's okay." Will soothed, feeling Hannibal cry quietly it was causing Will himself to shiver.

Hannibal seemed not to hear Will's offer, only shaking his head as he dragged himself back into the tale, his eyes am empty void as he spoke. Will realised it was a tale of a dead man, only this dead man had survived somehow.

"The man took out Mischa's organs, then offered me two options I eat and join the man or I had the choice toto die." Hannibal said toneless, his emotion was gone nothing else but his flat voice was left.

"I was a coward even then, thinking nothing of other than myself, I was forced to eat my sister's lungs, heart. The man seemed to enjoy himself watching me suffer the way I did." Hannibal was shaking now, he gripped onto Will's hand until it was bone white.

"If you hadn't done it, the man would of consumed you." Will spoke aloud, wishing that he could offer some sort of comfort towards the doctor. "You aren't a coward, Hannibal you said you ran away, what happened?"

Hannibal jerked up as if he had been slapped across his face, "yes the man told me. Since my family was poor he was looking for people that could go missing without notice, he would consume human organs, flesh and what he called a *Windigo* a human once now turned monster, after all wasn't it all fairy tales?" Hannibal said artlessly, letting Will rest himself against the older man's chest, "consume enough human and what you become is a *monster*, after I learned that I snuck out that evening as the man slept- in my parents old room, running as fast as my legs would carry me- after that I would often stalk a victim, but I was different."

Will sniffed the man's chest wondering if he could feel Will's tears, "I only consumed monsters, people that were once human as well, rapists, killers people that no longer to my

knowledge were human." Hannibal shallows hard, taking a handful of Will's hair tugging it softly.

"So Abigail that that- you ripped her heart out leaving me behind." Will wondered aloud causing Hannibal to sigh heavily.

"Will if I hadn't been so selfish and cruel I would of came to your aid quicker- I just believed it was better if I left you alone, not to drive you insane again. What I've done what I've become it's immoral it's something no one understands." Hannibal mutters softly to Will who only nods. "Abigail was a killer, she helped her father lure young girls much like herself so he could kill them and eat them- her father died almost a few months after his daughter's death "

Will feels Hannibal's cool lips against his forehead, "you aren't a monster you're not- what I said before."

Hannibal cleared his throat, "Will I'm no saint and much further from a human than anyone you know, I feel a connection between us, something I have never felt since my family perished." Hannibal's voice smooth as velvet to Will's ears explains.

"Those files, Alana's. What do you plan to do with them?" Will asks slowly changing the subject.

Hannibal moved grabbing the file barley looking once at it he tossed it into his paper shredder, the whiny noise sent Will on edge as if Alana's ghost was screaming.

"Only three people knew of their existence, now only two..it won't be long now until you're free Will- I promise you that." Hannibal mused rubbing Will's back gently.

Will could only nod watching the papers the only ones that suggested that something more between the doctor and himself were destroyed, he felt a sense of clarity as he sat there in Hannibal's lap, everything was coming into place.

Will knew what he had to do.

( ) ( ) ( )

A mere week later, after Alana's death the hospital had to assign a new doctor in Alana's old position it was a man with the name of Dr. Frederick Chilton who had transferred to Wolf trap in hopes of taking the horrific events that the hospital had encountered, trying to turn it around the hospital was in a mourning state, patients were even less aware, hospital staff wore the blue ribbon like it was a badge of honour, the conditions of the hospital were in shambles as new staff was entered and the old staff was let go.

Meaning it was only a short matter before Will was granted his freedom, he tried again and again to picture how he had got a knife only to end his mind in a blank, he examined himself in the mirror sleep was a gift when his body allowed him to sleep, he took his medications and ate only if Hannibal prepared the food on the visits they attained, Frederick Chilton was

less nosy about the relationship between Lecter and Will only trying to pave a new road in the hospital's future.

Will sat in the rec room one evening as the sun went down, for the first time in almost weeks Freddie sat next to him only this time she was dressed differently she wore a dress, tights flats and had a hat overshadowing her face, she smelled fresh nothing like the hospital itself.

"Will, I came to say good bye." Freddie twisted her hands together trying to look at Will's face who would not move from the table.

"Looks like this is good bye then, didn't think you would get out before me." Will said softly, he looks at Freddie who nodded sadly.

Freddie looked like her head was on fire to Will, her face was in the right light, she too was fading as soon as the sun set ended she was gone, "you're be out of here too Will, just not right now- and this isn't good bye. We'll see each other again."

Freddie talked more, Will only listened following the last rays of sun fade away leaving the room dark before the automatic lights came on, the room was darken just as Freddie patted Will's back once more.

"Good bye Will and good luck on your *life*." She said softly as an orderly helped her buzzing the door that led away from Will leaving him alone, once more.

"Bye Freddie." Will called after in a much smaller voice, he watched her walk down the hall until she was gone from his eyesight, leaving nothing more to do Will went to his room, curling into a ball under the sheets he closed his eyes trying to sleep only to toss and turn throughout the night.

When he finally did sleep, he felt a nightmare unfold inside. He was panting gasping for air as he ran down the empty corridor, turning behind his back was a fire that was only growing larger as it grew destroying everything in it's way.

He finally reached Hannibal's office turning the knob it was instantly ice cold in the room, Will felt like he could see ice on the walls as he took a step his body became colder, inside the office was cold while the fire range on Will felt helpless in the office as he cried out for Hannibal.

Hannibal appeared only this time as Will gripped onto him for support he felt hot as the fire in the hallway Will let go, his reflexes told him it was hot and a threat. Dropping it he looked up to see the older man was on fire himself made of fire, while Will was cold as ice still able to touch the man without melting.

"Why?" Will wasn't sure if he had spoken or if the dream world had done the talking for him, he saw the flames burst through the fragile door, increasing their mayhem Will had no choice but to run towards the source of the flames.

Hannibal, who shoved Will against him. His skin burning him alive but Will didn't pull away he only seemed to melt in the man's touch sending the flames around the two, Will kissed

Hannibal letting the burning sensation overtake him, he felt himself fall apart each part of himself melting as the kiss deepened.

Will finally could no longer support himself, he fell upon his knees letting the fire consume himself while Hannibal stood there letting the flames circle around himself, Will laid forgotten watching the whole office engulf itself.

Will awoke with cold sweat, the dream had sent Will a message was Hannibal speaking for him? It was something that he couldn't say in front of others; it was a invitation to free himself from the hospital grip.

The fire idea felt gift wrapped and although it wasn't real, nothing told him otherwise it couldn't be.

Almost three days later Will was speaking with Dr. Chilton, who changed Alana's office in ways Will never imagined, deep shades of blue were on the walls the desk had been switched to a newer modern one, the whole room smelled new, everything from the carpet to the smell of the office which reeked of air fresher as if Alana herself had died in that very office.

"So Mr. Graham since I'm new here, we are going to be changing a few rules in your files it indicted that you stabbed your hands? Or was it your wrist, previously Dr. Bloom said it was a suicide attempt because you had lost your journal?" Dr. Chilton was looking at his computer, causing Will to wonder how Hannibal had changed the cause of Alana's personal files, he just hoped Dr. Chilton would not notice his closeness with Hannibal.

"It wasn't a suicide attempt, I just forgot the knife, it was a pen really Dr. Sutcliffe had forgotten it and in my state of mind I injured myself." Will spoke rehearsing the words Hannibal instructed him to speak, he pictured Dr. Chilton's chest cavity split open as he and Hannibal took out his vital organs, only their victim would be alive during the process, Will and Hannibal would both enjoy the warm stickiness of the blood, the fear in Chilton's eyes as Will removed the most fatal organ of the all, *his heart*.

"Will? Will? Are you in there?" A hand waved back and forth in front of himself breaking his fantasy he noticed his pants had become tighter as he saw Chilton staring at him like a curious child at a zoo.

Will sat up cupping his hands over his pants, trying to fight his erection but Chilton took no notice, "I'm fine just dozed off I guess." Will said quickly earning a slow nod from the doctor.

"I believe Will, if you have another episode much like the one in the art room. There will never be a chance in Hell that you'll be released, that's all I wanted to warn you before...your next session with Dr. Lecter." Dr. Chilton got up from his seat, walking slowly he opened his door as Will trailed behind him he tried his best not to draw attention to himself, "I'll shall see you again Will, please do have a good day."

The door was slammed leaving Will alone in the darkened hallway he was no longer scared of the dark he embraced it, walking slowly he could almost hear Hannibal's voice as he turned into his office the doctor was sitting with a amused expression spread across his face, in front of the doctor was a assortment of food, rich dark meat was on white plates with dark

liquids surrounding the meat it was a masterpiece the vegetables were sitting perfectly around the meat, there was a large bottle of wine two glasses and a container which Will assumed was dessert, Hannibal motioned for Will to lock the door which he did quickly eyeing the food he didn't bother asking what it was or whom.

He sat across from the older man who shook his head gesturing for Will to his side, Will was confused and realised that the doctor wanted Will once again on his lap feeding him. Will obliged clinging to Hannibal's touch he let the man feed him bite by bite.

Not a word was spoken between the two, only the clink of
glasses, forks and the small kisses in between.

There was no more secrets, as promised. Will had never felt so opened with anyone in his life, as their small dinner came to a close and Will himself felt like his stomach was going to explode, the doctor linked his arm around Will's walking him towards the door he felt like a high schooler on date expecting which of the two would produce the good night kiss.

Hannibal who to Will was the dominant one kissed him lightly, then the kiss increased, Will could taste the chewed chucks of human flesh in their mouths, he could almost inhale the amour of the wine that had been finished off by the two alone, he felt every inch in his body become set on fire, Hannibal stopped letting Will gasp for air, he was let go from his lover's grip sending him away.

The two knew that it was only a matter of mere hours until the two were together, "good bye Hannibal."

Hannibal had already closed the door, Will heard the lock snap into place. Will felt a sheepish grin spread across his face, as he walked to his room sinking into bed he didn't bother with stripping his clothing, sleep came almost quickly.

As he dozed on, he awoke suddenly after dreaming of his first encounter with Hannibal, he could smell something.

Smoke

Jumping off his bed he landed his feet into a pair of slippers he grabbed a coat and opened his door, Hannibal appeared before him grabbing him by his hand, without a chance to protest he follows the doctor every whim until the reach the emergency exit, Will wondered why no one else was up yet, or why hadn't the fire department arrived.

"Will this way, once we leave there's no going back." Hannibal shouted as the flames grew closer, the moments ticked by as Will looked the doors were opening with other patients frightened and desperate to get out, Will nodded allowing the door to be pushed open sending the alarm blaring which hurt Will's ears even more.

The fresh cold air hit Will like a ton of bricks, he looked behind his shoulder to see first responders arrive, while the rest of the hospital's residents were fanned out Will was being dragged towards the parking lot, the shinny Mercedes stood there idling and Will could smell gas on Hannibal's clothing.

"Hannibal were are we going? Shouldn't we be over there?" Will asked while windows exploded overhead, sending shards of glass onto the parking lot, Hannibal didn't speak a word he only pushed Will into the backseat slamming it, he quickly got in front wheeling away from the scene, as confused hospital and patients stood out staff pointing in confusion.

Was he dreaming?

Will felt the car take a sharp turn as Hannibal drove quickly, he could hear the sirens as the flames overtook the last of the hospital Will wondered how many had escaped and how many more were inside.

He closed his eyes trying not to think of it, Hannibal drove on without speaking a word, and for once Will got more than he had bargained for.

loose ends

"Will, wake up please?" A soft calm voice awoke the groggily younger man, who appeared to have dozed off in the process of eluding the strange and sudden fire that had engulfed the hospital leaving Will to be rescued by Hannibal, who in turn was compelled and filled by guilt from Will's confinement. In all Will could see in his blurred vision a soft pink skyline lighting the car, his pale skin looked orange to Will as he sat up Hannibal smiled.

"Heh, my skin it's not burning like a vampire- it's the first sunrise I've seen in years." Will says astounded, his throat ached as if he had been screaming for hours, running himself ragged.

It hit him that in his dreams he may of screamed allowed frightening and making Hannibal wondered what Will dreamed of.

"You may get out if you like, we are at a small local beach we are far enough away from all the lunacy that occurred- you're fine I assure you." Hannibal said calmly as if he were explaining to a child who had thrown a temper tantrum. Will wondered if that was the cause.

Will nods, opening the car door slowly. He can feel the cold breeze on his thin white shirt and sweats, almost unedited from his memory he can smell the dry salt, the water's steady calm waves crashing against the rocks as the morning tide was slowly fading, Will rubbed his shoulders for warmth he could hear Hannibal climb out from the driver's seat as he placed his long trench coat around Will taking his hand he felt his heart swoon inside.

"Take as long as you need Will, *slowly* after all we have all the time it's almost six in the morning- no fisherman will show up nor a beach traveler with the weather in the low range." Hannibal explains as they walk towards the shore, Will feels his nostrils fill with the scent of the ocean the sand crunches beneath his feet, guiding him like a blind man who had finally seen the sun for the first time, Hannibal held no complaints.

"You aren't worried about your shoes becoming ruined or your suit are you?" Will says cautiously, his eyes lock with Hannibal's who were focused squarely on the shore.

"No Will, the pity clothing is nothing compared towards your happiness."

Will swallows hard, with emotion swelled inside he collapsed although the great grace of Hannibal was no use as Will sobbed aloud watching the sky feel with the colours of pink and purple then blue- he was mere inches away from the tips of the water, he coiled as Hannibal bent as his knees stroking Will's full head of locks, he reaches from his back pocket placing a simple pair of black lensed glasses upon Will's face. His vision was no longer blurred he blinked again seeing the beauty of Hannibal's marvellous face, carved from Greek gods theirselves.

"I see you, your face everything it's so clear *how* didn't I see you before." Will mutters casting his comments off like a madman.

Hannibal sits on the ground, pulling Will's head into his own lap, "Will I love you- and I wish to spend the rest of my days with you."

Will could feel his skin flush, he curls his hands into small balls. "To love a shallow creature something that is nothing compared in your measurement- a pitiful mad man who believes in monsters and creatures. I can only say this. Yes." Will exhaled with his head becoming light as the fresh air calmed himself.

"Yes to what Will?"

Will used his last ounce of courage, grabbing Hannibal by the back of his thick dark blonde hair he kissed him using his force he could feel Hannibal supporting him feeling the older man's warm hands caress his back.

"I love you Hannibal."

Over them the sun was rising a new dawn lighting their way.

( ) ( ) ( )

Hours later:

"How bad is the damage?" Dr. Chilton rubs his forehead before dry heaving two aspirins it had been a restless night for the doctor and now the morning itself had been just as distasteful as the aspirins, he glanced at the smouldering building as the sun shined upon it, he couldn't count on both his hands the amount of people that were dead or presumed dead.

"It's not that terrible. Fredrick think of it this way, you can reopen the hospital and in turn host a fundraiser a dinner, dance and I'll provide myself with the arrangement of preparing each meal." Dr. Lecter stood stone faced at the building that creaked from the pressure left behind by the water hoses.

"Are you suggesting that I throw a ball for the hospital repairs? That alone should-." Dr. Chiton tripped over a discarded piece of the hospital, he clenched his teeth waving away Dr. Lecter's helping hand.

"I believe Fredrick we can repair our old wounds and memories of this place, and in turn we can start anew." Dr. Lecter handed Dr. Chilton his cane.

The fire marshall was a flat faced woman, with dark brown hair and her glasses mirrored Dr. Chilton's ragged appearance, she smiled lightly as she lowered her clipboard, her shoulders were raised high, as she spoke her voice was stern.

"I have come to my conclusion that I can rule out any insurance scams.-"

"You believe that *a insurance scam* had something to do with this? None of my employes had anything to do with it! It's absurd." Dr. Chilton shouted despite the worried glances by the few remaining nurses, orderlies and the patients that were being transported to nearby and closer hospitals.

"Dr. Chilton, this was arson I believe that a patient started it. Perhaps a careless employee left a lighter out. The source of the flames started in a office, I couldn't make out the name on the door, but soon enough it'll come all together. For now I recommend you file your insurance, and take a deep breath- I'm sorry for those that you lost." The fire marshall offered him a small smile, "take care."

Dr. Chiltion swallowed hard, as he clutch his cane he didn't want this, a fire started by a patient he could count the amount of victims that had perished in the fire. Two nurses, a doctor and two patients.

Will Graham, who was close to Dr. Lecter was undoubtedly presumed dead, who furrowed his brow wondering why perhaps that not even Dr. Lecter was reacting distraught or showing any signs of mourning. Instead he shook hands with the fire marshall, while Dr. Chilton tried calm himself failing in the process.

"Thank you Miss?" Hannibal lowers his hand returning it to his pockets.

"It's Miss Nina Young." She smiled as she turned her back.

"Would you care for your business card, for my personal records..or on a lighter note I would enjoy to have you over for dinner." Hannibal spoke politely as the young woman handed him a simple business card complete with her home address.

"That would be lovely, a night without takeout."

"Indeed."

Hannibal watched the younger woman turn without a single thought more he decided a nice dinner for two would make do with her organs, he could smell the woman's scent which was of cheap cigarettes and a desperate attempt to cover it up with perfume and mint gum.

"Shame for you Miss Young." He muttered as he turned to face the distraught Dr. Chilton who in turn looked upon Hannibal for guidance, everything had fallen in its right place.

( ) ( ) ( )

Two days later

Will had tried many times to picture Dr. Lecter's home he had expected a dungeon without any source of light, instead the doctor's home was brightly lit, within it three bedrooms, a two bathrooms and under the home's foundation laid a basement that was filled with horrors beyond belief not that Will knew this, *yet at least*.

He had taken a shower in the time that it took for Hannibal to arrive back at the scene of the crime to see if truly the doctor's plan had played out for the two, he didn't dare touch any of the food only helping himself to a pot of coffee that was starting to make himself only more upset, he had been surprised that Hannibal had thought ahead much further than Will had thought, purchasing clothing for the younger man even guessing his correct prescription for his glasses.

Will had begun pacing the floors of Hannibal's dining room, the bright sun shone making him only cringe, the weather couldn't match his mood, if Will closed his eyes he could picture storm clouds and men in white capturing Will as they forced him back into confinement, this time all of his previous measures would be uprooted as Will could see himself back in a padded room with the straight jacket tightening as the room grew colder and darker.

He felt his throat it was only becoming more difficult to breathe while dropping the blue coffee mug in the process, he could feel sweat dripping down his spine. He tried calming himself only to see more distorted images, Abigail pointing accusingly at him as her waxy figure stared vacant, she was on Hannibal's first chair in the kitchen next to her was Jack then finally Dr. Bloom took center smiling coldly at Will before providing a knife as she came closer towards Will.

"Stay away! Stop it leave me alone please." Will shouted but it did no use, he could hear echoes of himself throughout the home, *it's only me here! Nothing else is real!* His mind screams, he flinched as the hand landed on Will.

"Will, if Dr. Lecter had killed you he wouldn't had killed me." Dr. Bloom whispers closely to Will's ear, "none of us would be *dead*" She added.

Will felt his chest fall apart inside, it was true. He opened his eyes unblinking the figures were gone, as if they evaporated into thin air, now as Will sobbed with his arms against his knees he could hear footsteps coming closer, he knew it was over, soon enough the men in white would be there taking Will while once again Hannibal runs.

"Will? Are you alright?" Hannibal's soft silk voice feels like a knife against Will's heart, he looks through his dark curls to see Hannibal removing his jacket once more before placing it around the younger man, who shivered beneath the man's simple gesture of kindness.

Will choked on his sobbing, "no, I'm not okay or alright if you *had just killed me* no one else would be dead *right*?" Will says halfheartedly as Hannibal calms Will down picking the shattered cup before tossing it into a small wastebasket.

"Will that is absurd- I haven't and never have wanted to see you dead, do you wish to be dead?" Hannibal asks, as Will wipes his tears.

"Yes and no."

Hannibal sighs before helping Will to his feet guiding towards the kitchen passing the food pantry, "Will I must show you something."

"What is it?"

Hannibal says nothing only taking Will down the stairs slowly as Will's eyes adjust to the darkness, he shivers realising how cold the basement was, Hannibal flicks on a light switch that sends off more than one, in the basement laid a few stainless steel tables, some with saw tables others with tools that laid upon them, Will hitched his breath seeing a figure upon the table.

It was no one special or anyone Will had met before, but her eyes seemed to widen as Hannibal grew closer her muffled cries for help were aimed at Will who only stood frozen to the ground, Hannibal ripped the muffled woman's rag out as she lowered her sobs, Will watched as Hannibal gestured for him to come near, "who is she?"

"No one of importance, Will come."

Will obeyed walking to the stainless gurney the woman's eyes were dark brown in the dim lighting she looke tired her clothing was tore, her ankles appeared bloody and bruised even though Will wasn't a medical examiner, he could tell clearly the woman had out up a fight, her lips mumbled a prayer that Will couldn't keep track of, she moved her head away from Will as her eyes became dull and lifeless she knew that even if she screamed no help was due to arrive, she was finished.

No begging not even a last trace of hope was in her vacant face.

"This is the means to an end and a start to a beginning, now Will take the knife and show me what you're capable of." Hannibal spoke briskly although the woman laid there, no attempts or even a desperate plead for her ill fated end.

Will took the knife, as it caressed her skin carefully, Will could hear her dull aching heart as the knife grazed her neck, Hannibal stood like a watchful teacher over his prized student.

Will glanced once more at the woman's eyes only now she was Alana Bloom, her cold wax smile was shaped in place, Will screamed as he dragged the knife into the woman's throat hearing her gurgled prayer become unnoticed by both of the men, all focus was on Will.

The blood leaked down the table spattering on Will, who moved slowly still holding the knife.

Releasing his grip upon the knife, it clattered to the floor. Will let himself become limp in Hannibal's arms as Hannibal nursed him with small quick kisses on his dark curls.

"Will, you have now let go of all of the past. There is only from here on your life and all that you care for. And you are *loved Will* let yourself let go and forget the world, I only want what is best for you." Hannibal reassures him, as Will nods.

"I am loved I am." He whispered to himself, as silent tears spilled down his face.

Hannibal smiled glancing at the now dead Nina Young there was nothing more to say besides her now hollowed eyes, he could tell already that Will wasn't ready not now with his hallucinations, and panic attacks not now but in a year he would be ready to tie the final ribbon, for now Hannibal would nurse him to health take him slowly off his medications in time he would become ready.

"Will I have a small cottage home on the outskirts, would you mind if we stayed there for awhile?"

Will responded slowly with his voice sober. "sure."

Hannibal could only be patient with Will, his time was coming and the older man could wait.

Epilogue

Freddie Lounds stares cautiously at her television in front of it is a perky reporter who was outside of Grafton, West Virginia where a string of bodies had been discovered it sent chills down her spine trying to imagine what could possibly of committed a crime so gruesome. The beach had been closed until the murderer was caught. The bodies almost three of them had been all if different age and gender. Their bodies had been laid in odd places, a woman had her lungs, heart, kidney and part of her left arm ripped away from her. The man had nearly all of his organs tore replaced with seashells and water in his organs place.

The last victim was a man who had only his tongue, liver and gallbladder removed, the names of the victims would not be released due to the goriness of their causes of death.

The police had dubbed it as a killer without remorse or compassion. Already rumours of the organs being sold to ailing countries swirled around, they were being added to a short list of victims in the past few weeks. She changed the channel setting on a sitcom she held no interest in, it had been almost a year and a half since she had learned of Will's death being only Will along with a few more patients that did not make it out.

She watched the tv trying to picture if maybe even if Will's body were not discovered had he easily made it to safety or was it possible that in the blazing heat he had burnt to a crisp. She sighed, laying down on the sofa Freddie pulled her hands over her face picturing Will in a much happier place, then again the only time she had seen Will truly happy was his first therapy session outside, she smiled to herself knowing somewhere Will was *alright*.

She remembered correctly that day when she ran into Dr. Lecter who was in Will's room holding up a dogeared journal he had warned Freddie not to mention his brief visit and even offered a way to grant her freedom from the hospital. Freddie had agreed almost quick enough, not bothering to ask why even Dr. Lecter was in Will's room. Until Will's episode with the knife/pen. She had gone behind Will and Dr. Lecter's backs telling Dr. Bloom that the two's relationship was unhealthy at first Dr. Bloom waved it off, until Freddie had mentioned that their relationship may of been more than a doctor and a patient, she had seen the dopey lovesick grin on Will's face after each session even if he didn't himself.

She hadn't meant to have Will be isolated from everyone else even herself it had just *happened* much like everything else, after Dr. Bloom's sudden *death* Will was granted his freedom and Dr. Lecter had kept his promise in which Freddie was released and she bid her farewell to Will, it was only a matter of days before the strange fire had consumed not only the hospital but Will.

Wiping away a freshly formed tear, she wonders if it was worth her freedom for Will's death, she cried herself to sleep while her tv played on until paid programs cane on advising late night America to buy a magic bullet blender, Freddie slept on unknowing that her suspicions of Will being alive were correct, he stood outside watching in near his car as he wish he could turn in her driveway and apologise for his behaviour and even introduce Dr. Lecter formally.

But that part of his life was over, he switched his car's engine over driving towards home, without a second thought he glanced back at Freddie's home, it was a sacrifice he was willing to bargain. He could only hope that someday he could explain until then, he would just keep his distance.

( ) ( ) ( )

Hannibal was reluctantly forced into feeding Winston, he held not a sign of affection for animals as Will did, but he loved the younger man and knew in his heart that he was fond of Winston, he poured the dog food into his food dishes, whistling for the dog who left a trail of slobber all over the older man.

"Down Winston, for I am not like Will..I do care of course if I smell like a wet slobbering dog." Hannibal teased, but Winston backed down instead focussing on his pile of dog food, he went back into the kitchen washing his hands he liked the small cottage home that Will and Hannibal had lived at for nearly a year now.

It had a small cozy feeling nothing compared to his thoughts on the *food source* although, he placed a towel over his hand shielding him from the heat inside the small oven was a roasted chicken, he could adapt towards normal foods but nothing was compared to the sweet satisfying taste of human meat. In his locked freezer downstairs was enough from the Grafton trip nearly two days ago, Will at first was appalled by Hannibal, but in time he came to love and even treasure the doctor. Knowing that even a small distance apart that Will could not be away.

Hannibal of course was fast and instead of trying to promise Will's freedom he had granted it, taking Will away from the hospital.

Hannibal's diet was also Will's too at times, the younger man had stopped ages ago asking what Hannibal cooked. It was a sign of trust, almost a year later and the two were dead to almost everyone they had known.

"Smells good." Will opens the front door kicking off his boots in the process, he hung up his jacket he closed the door leaving the cold winter out, Hannibal had left a fire going so the three of them would not freeze.

"Ah Will, you're home *early* did you say hello to Freddie for me?" Hannibal calls over his shoulder he was busy filling Will's glass of wine before pouring one himself, "she is your friend, Will."

Will scoffed taking the glass
before sipping slowly, "then you better have a good reason to say why or how I escaped from the Hellhole I should of died in that fire? Don't you think she'll alert the media if I appear on her front door step ready to spill out my guts?" Will chugged his remaining wine down, biting back his tongue.

"Will you only owe her a simple matter of a apology, she's bound to understand." Hannibal turns his attention back towards the oven, switching it off, he pauses waiting for Will's response.

"It doesn't matter, my old life is *over*," Will says slumping onto the kitchen chair, Winston automatically runs to his side, awaiting for his master's response, he toys with Will's shoes until he knows that Will wasn't in the mood.

"Perhaps she would believe her friend fell in love and escaped with the chances of a better life." Hannibal plucked a strand of hair away from Will's face, "Will I care perhaps more about your well being than myself, do try and remember that."

"Hmm." Will felt Hannibal press his lips against his forehead, a tingle inside him reminded him he was *loved*. "If you put it that way," Will clutched the doctor's face all thoughts of dinner were long forgotten. He locked his lips with Hannibal's tasting the sweet grapes upon his lips, shivering when Hannibal kissed him back, grabbing a fistful of Will's hair he braced himself clearing the table of simple mail, dishes even Winston was unturned by their behaviour instead focusing on his chew toy.

Hannibal lifted Will upon the table, he could only hear the breathing of his and Will's bodies. He closed his eyes as Hannibal pulled Will's sweater off him tossing it over his shoulder, he plants soft kisses against Will's collarbone tasting his cool skin it always pondered Will why hadn't the doctor tried to ever bite him, he could imagine that if Hannibal applied to vampire rules once tasted he could never let go.

Not as if Will minded, he moaned when Hannibal began to palm Will's growing budge, he let his eyes graze over for now he was in his own ecstasy. He opened his eyes to see Hannibal's strange never ending coloured ones were staring back at him.

"I love you Hannibal." Will whispered as Hannibal's fingers tranced his body, knowing each angle, bruise and imperfection. Hannibal nods, pressing his mouth back onto Will's own. He feels all his sadness leave him, instead he feels only a love that he could not explain himself.

( ) ( ) ( )

"Census workers? No I can't say I have had any, it's only eight in the morning." Freddie towels off her hair, talking into her phone to a unimportant telemarketer who was taking a brief survey. "Thanks again, yes. Yes I'll do the customer survey." She hung the phone up slamming it on the receiver.

She was preparing herself for the day when a string of phong calls kept disturbing her flow, she frowned staring back at the phone before she could the front door was being knocked on, she sighed ripping the towel off in the process. "I'm coming! Jesus Christ if you're selling cookies at this hour, I'm not buying!" She shouted down the empty hallway she never had anyone over, a few friends from work once every two months or a salesman would try to convince Freddie to buy something.

She heard the door pound even louder, growling beneath her breath she flew the door open exposing a man she believed she would never see again, his back was turned staring back at the nearly empty street, it dawned on her that he was no salesman. "Is this real?" Freddie says awestruck, feeling a enormous relief fall from her shoulders, "tell me I'm not dreaming."

The man she believed to be dead, turned staring awkwardly at his shoes before connecting his eyes with her own light blue eyes, Will looked different than the last day she had seen him. His eyes were no longer vacant and unaware, instead they were focused and friendly. His skin looked still pale, although.

His dark locks concealed the rest of his face, unsure what more she could say she clicked remembering it was freezing outside and gawking at the man was childish. She moved out of his way inviting him in.

"Will, I thought that you *were dead*, how is this even possible does anyone else know?" Freddie doesn't miss a beat, as age tries her best to keep her voice as steady as possible it was giving itself away with emotion, her throat swelled as she lead Will to her kitchen table.

Will sat beside her stay saying nothing, she pursed her lips knowing she was aware of Will's usual silence, still it bothered her he had not even commented on a word.

Shellshocked.

"Will, you have to speak. You just gave me the fright of my life and showed up on my doorstep I thought-".

"I was dead." Will finished flatly, he held a crooked smile as Freddie breathed a sigh of relief, her eyes wandered towards the front door, wondering if Will had driven himself or likeliness that someone knew of Will's well being, to take care of him after a long quiet year was *curious*, once Will and herself were the closest friends ever.

Now Freddie wondered if he was even in a warm home or was fending for himself. Freddie shook herself, she automatically grabbed her coffee pot pouring two mugs for her and Will, without a word of protest she handed to Will.

After a pause in their reunion she sat the mug down thinking of the answer that was practically waving itself in her face. She couldn't admit it, but Will could. "You and Dr. Lecter aren't just *patient and doctor* are you?" Her own voice sounds distant to her, as if it's from a hundred miles away, or in a different time and setting, when she had said goodbye to Will who simply was in her words in his own little *world*.

Will fumbled with the handle of the plain blue mug, his skin flushed once before he stumbled like a schoolgirl admitting a crush, "Hannibal and I are together now Freddie, that night during the fire I escaped barely with my life- Hannibal found me submerged in my room with flames threatening to consume myself, if he hadn't shown up when he did." Will stops shortly his eyes become blank and
Freddie feels symptomatic grabbing his hand she takes it feeling his coldness burn into her, she doesn't let go.

"But you didn't call me, or Will you know I'm always here for you. What happened?" Will freed his hand, "I just thought you were better without me causing chaos. I heard you got a job, a home and a life with *normal people*. Couldn't ruin that for you." Will laughs darkly, his glasses fall down the tip of his nose, shoving them back up she watches Will a second more.

"Does he treat you right? And Will my God, normal people? You're always going to be my friend- so stop it." She insures him, but Will shakes his head turning it towards the opened windows.

The lazy winter sun beam in, shining on them. "Hannibal is the best thing to happen to me, and I don't even know where to began and explain the complicity of my relationship with him, I think I fell for him when I saw him that day in the parking lot..I was never afraid all those pointless years." He trailed off, his face becoming a enlarged grin.

A madman's grin.

Freddie inched away from Will, wishing she still held the phone, her eyes darted towards Will's there was no panic, nor confusion in them only focused. "Will, what are you talking about?"

"The day he ripped her heart out."

"Who's heart?"

Will craned his neck until it was a few inches away from Freddie's own, "I know now, that when Dr. Bloom was trying to take away the very relationship that had be ongoing long before I was placed away in that Hellhole, to toy with the mere idea I would be free if I complied with taking pills and being *a good boy* it got me no where- never did." He says in a low angered voice.

"Will- I'm sorry but-".

"But what? It's your fault Freddie you do know because of you- I hid away from the world thinking I couldn't survive that. You told Dr. Bloom about our relationship it was in my file..they were going to relocate Hannibal!" He says fiercely, he moves back standing up.

"Will. Stop it! You're scaring me. It was only for your own good- so he wouldn't-." Freddie sobs on the verge of tears she choked down barely, Will's eyes were darkened.

"Do you love Dr. Lecter or does he have you out on ding biscuits filling your head with lies?"

"He loves me and I love him that's all that matters." Will says quietly, his face becomes blank.

"He loves you? Then why does he keep you locked away, you're not a prisoner Will. You can be free try and trust me." Freddie offers, she is riddled with pain almost as Will seemed a stranger to her, "Will!"

She could yell until she was blue in the face, Will was unmoved.

"Freddie. I'm sorry of course. But quoting you this is only for your own good." Will says moving away, he walks out the door slamming it behind him, Freddie listens to silence until she breaks down sobbing, she falls to the floor in her state of distress she doesn't hear the vastly approaching footsteps, not that she could do much even if she lifted her head and noticed.

As she heaved her last sobs, she saw through the curtain of her wet hair a pant leg inside what she believed to be a plastic suit. She didn't even see her attacker's face as the world went white for Miss Lounds.

Her eyes budge out from her sockets, clawing at her neck she feels only the rope tighten around her throat, her last moments are herself clinging to life as she finally faces the monster that Will had spoken about all this time, this time she truly understood the term *monster*.

Dr. Lecter's face is blurry to Freddir, but she could make out his eyes that shined so darkly, not even a hair was out of place. Finally she gives up her hands settle at her sides with her blue eyes becoming a china doll's.

Lost and forever held the graze of the monster as the last thing she saw before dying.

Her body had gone limp, and Hannibal knew his work was done.

In the distance as Will walked further and further away he didn't even hear a scream or a desperate plead the street was empty again of cars, only a stray cat saw Will. It blinked before running away. In that moment Will knew all was right in the world.

( ) ( ) ( )

"Will?" A voice awoke Will stirring him gently from his light nap, he opened his eyes groggily he felt the overgrown child of his life Winston whine in response as Will sat up he had fallen asleep with Hannibal on the couch, it was snowing lightly telling him it was well past midnight after all the weatherman said on the radio that the small city of Baltimore especially on the outskirts were due for a serving of snow. The conditions were called for as a bizarre winter storm, roads were closed.

Hospitals were dispatching for help from neighbouring cities incase their ambulances could not make it out on the slick roads, schools and all other things were closed it was surely going to be a Hell of a mess that played in Will and Hannibal's favour. It would be almost a week until Freddie's hung body from her staircase would be discovered, that gave both Will and Hannibal plenty of time to decide if they would relocate or wait until spring.

Will had let go of the old him, letting Hannibal take him and mould him into someone different someone better, he could sleep easily now almost all of his nightmares were gone.

"Yes?" Will slurred, he felt Hannibal's grip on him tighten the power had gone off, sending a instinct fear of the dark down Will, instead he knew nothing would harm not while Hannibal stood beside him, the darkness was now his friend.

"I think our power is out, should I report it?" Hannibal says huskily, he plants a kiss on Will's dark locks. Will blushes in the darkness, thankful for its concealing powers.

"No why ruin a perfect night, just me and you and the roads won't be salted until at least Monday, it's only Friday and I think we aren't that important." Will states, in his heavy sleepiness he dreams some days that Will and Hannibal are trapped alone and only together.

"If you say so Will." Hannibal plants in the darkness a engulfing kiss on Will's lips, "I love you Will."

Will smiles in the darkness, he hears the gentle hum of the storm ranging on, it was a gift to both him and Hannibal. He was happy and finally for once he was *free*.

"I love you Hannibal, just lets stay here until the power comes back on." Will suggests.

"That could be days William, won't you become bored." Hannibal's voice is hazed to Will's ears.

Will shakes his head rubbing it against the bare chest of Hannibal's his doctor, his lover. And his monster. "I think we'll be just fine, all we need is each other." Will says before finding the older man's lips connecting the two together, he could wait for the rest of their days if he had to, and in Hannibal's response he slipped back into sleep.

Will could hear Hannibal's heart pounding in his ears, while it pounds Will forgets about the world letting himself be loved.

The End

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!